A

VINDICATION

OF THE

Lord Russell's Speech

AND

INNOCENCE,

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

WHIG & TORY:

Being the same that was promis'd to the *Observator* in a *Penny-Post-Letter.*

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ROUTH·ANA

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT WHIG and TORY.

Tory. PRethee let me alone: Thou art always teazing me; What is it to me and every private man how he died, whether *Innocent*, or *Guilty?*

Whig. *No, no: 'Tis nothing to You how he died, becauſe he was not a* Tory, *or a* Papiſt; *But had he been either of theſe, we ſhould have had the* Obſervator, *and thereſt of your Scribling Tribe, forming and forging a hundred Arguments to prove his Innocency.*

Tory. Heark thee, *Whig!* Doſt thou think 'tis poſſible to prove the Devil's white? That *Lucifer's* pride was no ſin? that his Rebellion was no offence? And that he was unjuſtly thrown from Heaven? that after *Adam's* breaking the Law of God by his diſobedience, he perſevered ſtill in the ſtate of Innocency, and never was deprived of his original Juſtice, or thrown out of *Paradice*: Or that *Brutus*, who murder'd *Ceſar*, was not a Villain; but an Innocent good man? or that there never was a Traytor or Rebel in the world from the Creation? Find me a man that can prove this, and then I'll incline to believe the Lord *Ruſſel's* Innocent, and not till then.

Whig. *This is very fine indeed! why ſure,* Tory, *thou art not in earneſt!*

Tory. Yes by my troth but I am. For I think one as hard to be prov'd as the other; and unleſs thou canſt find me a *Logician*, a *Lawyer*, *Divine*, or ſomthing, that can prove the former, I'l never believe the latter.

Whig. *Nay, I'll never pretend,* Tory, *to do things impoſſible; to prove Contradictions, and Impoſſibilities; but that the Lord* Ruſſel *died Innocent, (if you'll but hear me,) I doubt not but to make it as clear as demonſtration. And if I do not, conclude me a Fool, or a Knave.*

Tory. Why, with all my heart *Whig*, I were unjuſt elſe; and if thou canſt but prove him Innocent, a holy Martyr for the *Cauſe*, I'll pay him as great a veneration as any *Whig* in *Chriſtendom.*

Whig. *Why then hear me,* Tory: *Is it probable, nay is it possible, for a good Tree to bring forth bad Fruit? Is it possible for the Rivulet to run foul, that flows from a Chrystal Fountain? So, can Lord* Russel *be that rotten Fruit, that foul corrupted Water the World would make him? who sprung from such Honourable, Worthy Progenitors. Then, no sooner had his worthy Parents given him being, but they procured him the best Masters in the World to educate him, so that that Noble Blood that he brought into the world might not be the least contaminated. Now, I say, how is it possible that such a Noble Plant as this, could be rotten, crooked, or deformed?*

Tory. Why saith *Whig*, this Argument may hold water, if the premisses be but sound I remember indeed, the Lord *Russel* valued himself mightily upon these two points, his *Birth*, and *Education*: He believed no one durst be so bold as to cajoll the world with his Funeral Sermon when he was gone, therefore was he resolved to write it himself; or rather a *Panegyrick* of his Life. 'Here it is that he tells us, that through 'all the course of his life he hath been visited with blessings from above; 'that his Parents were famous for Worth and Goodness, which he rec-'kons to be the Original and Source of all his Happiness and Consola-'tion, in this his time of calamity, and afflictions. Nay, he says, that 'through the whole progress of his life it was like an inherent quality, 'not to be shaken off with neglect. He tells us further, he hath been 'wonderfully supported this time of his Confinement: so that neither 'Imprisonment, nor fear of Death, have been able to discompose him, 'no, not in the least degree: But on the contrary, he hath found the '*Assurance* of the Love and Mercy of God; That he is going to par-'take of that fulness of Joy which is in the presence of his Redeemer; 'And with the *Hopes* of this, (the *Assurance* he means) he is fully de-'lighted; And that this time of his dying, is the happiest time of his 'life. This is part of this *Panegyrick*.

Whig. *Ay,* Tory, *what say you to it? was not this a Holy, Innocent, Good man, who could say so much good of himself at his last hour?*

Tory. Why, to speak the truth, I do not approve this *Pharisaical* boasting, and sounding a mans own Perfections. It looks as if a man had but few Friends, or if he were afraid that no one knew his Virtues but himself. In my Judgment it had been much better to have heard him at Prayers with the wicked *Publican*, saying, *Lord be merciful to me a sinner*, and we might all much better have hoped his justification. But however, if all he hath said be true (and so it should be, for the good Gentleman declares he was never given to lying,) he certainly was the happiest man in the world. Why then, thou Great! Great St.

Russel

Ruſſel! by much more greater, than the Great St. *Paul*, who was wrap'd into the third Heavens. He, good man, notwithſtanding all this, knew nothing whether he were worthy of Love, or hatred: but Lord *Ruſſel* hath the *Aſſurance* of Love and Mercy.

Whig. *Why, he had ſo; and who dare contradict it?*

Tory. Who dare contradict it? Prethee let me ask thee one queſtion, from whence proceeds this great aſſurance? not from Divine Revelation: for we hear of no Angels who have come to viſit him.

Whig. *No, he does not ſay they did. But he tells you, all this proceeded from his* High and Mighty Birth, and wonderful Education.

Tory. 'Tis moſt undoubted *Whig*, there is nothing doth more conduce to a mans happy being, than *Birth*, and *Education*. 'Tis very rare, (tho' it ſometimes happens I muſt confeſs;) that the Children of Loyal Parents prove Traytors. So on the contrary, 'tis very ſeldom that the *Sons* of *Traytors*, and *Villains*, prove good Men, and Loyal Subjects. The blood of the Parent that is tainted and corrupt, can never beget ſound Children; And were I to chooſe, I had much rather be the Son of an honeſt Loyal Cobler, who hath ſerved his King, and Countrey, than the Son of a Lord, who hath been a Traytor, and Rebel to both. That Gentleman, whoſe actions have the moſt Honour, and Braveneſs in them, and that Lord ſuch a one, who wants Honeſty, Honour, and Loyalty, hath only the bare name and Title of Honour: and may juſtly be ſuſpected to be the Son of a Groom, or Footman, rather than a Perſon of Quality. Now the Lord *Ruſſels* Father we all have heard of: the world hath rung of his worth, and Fame: the great Services he hath done the Crown hath been admirable; his ſo bravely fighting for his King in the late Rebellion, was very notable. His laying down his Life and Fortunes, to ſerve his Royal Maſter is very well worth obſerving. And his great Duty, *Obedience*, and *Loyalty* ſince His Majeſty's *Reſtauration*, hath been wonderful: ſo that the Lord *Ruſſel* needed not to have boaſted ſo extravagantly of his *High* and *Noble Birth*, becauſe we all knew it before. Who dares ſay the Earl of *B——d* ſtood in need of an act of *Oblivion*? as many other Rebellious Traytors did. Who dare ſay that *Bedfords* blood was ever tainted with Treaſon? when did ever he unſheath his Sword, and appear in the Head of a Party againſt his Lawful Sovereign? Faith 'tis pity the Son had not time to write his Fathers Life; that his Honourable Parentage might have appear'd in their own natural colours: no doubt of it, it would have been a great ſatisfaction

to

to the world: the ignorant would have thanked him for it, and it would have rectified the miſtaken Judgments of many. 'Tis pity no ingenious Pen will undertake the buſineſs. Well, as to his worthy famed Parents I leave them as they are: never the better I'm ſure, for having ſuch a Son.

Whig. *Very well* Tory, *I think I ſhall convince thee by and by of Lord* Ruſſels *Innocency: what ſay you now to his Education?*

Tory. Why faith I ſay his Tutors have got no great credit by him. For a mans Education to be ſo Godly as he boaſts it, certainly it hath made the worſt proof that ever did any, for a man daily to Cabal, and Aſſociate with nothing but *Traytors*, *Rebels* and *Villains*, to make it the great buſineſs of his life to *hear*, *ſpeak*, and *adviſe Treaſon*, and *Rebellion*: to ſpend the greateſt part of his time in ſuch Cabals where there was little elſe heard, than the *Deſigning*, *Contriving*, and *Conſpiring* the *Murder*, and *Death* of *Princes*; the *Maſſacring* the King's Guards, and all his Loyal Friends. The Fleying the King's Judges, and all the chief Magiſtrates of State alive, *&c.* To live ſo many years in the crowd of theſe Diabolical Machinations without the leaſt touch of pity or remorſe. To be ſwiming every night in a Sea of Blood, and to live pepetually in the midſt of *Daggers*, *Piſtols*, *Guns*, *Blunderbuſſes*, *Halters*, *Poyſons*, *&c.* is a moſt monſterous ſign of a *Sanctified Religious Education.* And for all theſe Villainies to die at laſt in the prime of his age upon a Scaffold, by the hand of the common *Hang-man*, breathing forth with his laſt breath his Innocency. *In the words of a dying man I profeſs I know no Plot, either againſt the Kings life or the Government.* O bleſſed Education! that hath brought a man to ſuch a hopeful end. Well I ſay God preſerve all honeſt mens Children from ſuch Tutors and Ghoſtly Fathers, as Lord *Ruſſels* were.

Having therefore conſider'd the two main ſources from whence the Lord *Ruſſels* great Conſolations ſprung: I think we have juſt cauſe to believe that his fulneſs of joys was no other than a barren emptineſs: for 'tis madneſs to think to ſee the Revulets o'reflow the Banks; when the Springs which are to nouriſh them are dryed up. What thinkſt thou now *Whig* of the *Sanctity* and *Innocence* of Lord *Ruſſel.*

Whig. *Why 'faith to ſay truth, I did not believe he had been half ſo black as you ſeem to make him. But methinks you are too ſevere upon a Noble Lord, who died a ſincere Proteſtant, and in the Communion of the Church of* England.

Tory. As to his Nolility *Whig*; his Crimes have made him worſe than a ~~Pagan~~ profane: for he, and his Poſterity are Stigmatized with an eternal

eternal brand of Ignominy. As to his Religion, he might call it by what name he pleaſed; but I wiſh he had but lived, or died like a Chriſtian: and then the Communion he pretends to, need not be aſhamed of him, as I think they have juſt reaſon to be: But at beſt, let him pretend to what Church he pleaſed, I'm ſure they would have no great purchaſe of him.

Whig. *I know not what you call dying like a Chriſtian: but I'm ſure when he is going to take his leave of all the World. You hear with what Zeal he animates all* Proteſtants *to unite againſt the* Common Enemy.

Tory. I would fain know *Whig*, what his Lordſhip means by all *Proteſtants*, and *Common Enemies.*

Whig. *Why all* Proteſtants, *are all thoſe who proteſt againſt the Church of* Rome: *and the* Common Enemy *are the* Papiſts, *and thoſe who are* Popiſhly affected.

Tory. Very good, you have already divided the Nation into the *Men Worthy*, and *Worthy Men.* The *Worthy Men* are *Proteſtants*, the *Men Worthy*, are all *Papiſts*, or *Popiſhly affected.* So that here his Lordſhip deſires there may be a union among theſe *Worthy Men*, to cut the Throats, and Maſſacre theſe *Men Worthy.* And who are theſe? His moſt Sacred Majeſty, His Royal Conſort the Queen; His Royal Brother the Duke of *York*, Her Royal Highneſs the Dutches. And all the Royal Family, and all thoſe who love them. Theſe are the *Common Enemy* his Lordſhip, and his *Proteſtants* have marked out for Sacrafice: To compleat which Inhumane, bloody Murder, the *Proteſtants* muſt Unite and Arm themſelves with *Blunderbuſſes, Guns, Piſtols* and *Daggers.* This was a very Religious Prayer indeed, for a Godly Man to make at the hour of his death.

Whig. *Ah* Tory, *thou art a ſtrange man; thou makeſt the worſt of every thing: and even our beſt Actions with thy malicious Obſervations thou renderſt as black as Hell. Come 'tis not poſſible his Lordſhip ſhould mean ſo black a thing at his exit out of the World.*

Tory. Faith one would think ſo; and yet ſo it was, 'tis as clear as the light is, Why was it not the great buſineſs they were about? Have they not made it manifeſt by their own hand writing? Is it not clearly proved againſt them, and have not their own Tongues confeſs'd it? what wouldſt thou have more *Whig?*

Whig. *Ay, ay, but pray obſerve what he ſays preſently after: that he thinks bitterneſs, and Perſecution. And at all times, but much more now. Goodman you ſee he would have no one Perſecuted for Religion, Treaſon, or any thing elſe.*

Tory.

Tory. No, not he, good man, when 'tis come to his own door, when he is to ſatisfie the Law for his Crimes, and Treaſonable Principles, then the executing Juſtice is called *Bitterneſs* and *Perſecution.* How comes it that we heard nothing of this before? who is ignorant how violent his Lordſhip was againſt the *Papiſts*, and to ruine Them to all intents and purpoſes? Nay, he was mightily diſſatisfied that Lord *Stafford* did not undergo the ſeverity of his Sentence, to be Hang'd, Drawn and Quarter'd; and he very much queſtion'd, whether it was in the King's Power to mitigate the Law ſo far, as to let him be Beheaded: And even here at his Death he is animating all to perſecute all the honeſt men that love the King and Government, becauſe (I ſuppoſe) he does not judge them *his Friends. He looks upon* Popery *as a bloody Religion, and therefore he was obliged to perſecute them, even to death; to do all he could againſt them.* Now, I ſuppoſe all honeſt men know *What* he means by *Popery*, and *Whom* he would have *Perſecuted*; and yet (good man!) he abominates *Perſecution* at all times! Theſe are very pretty Paradoxes, *Whig*, are they not? Prethee, *Whig*, reconcile me theſe two contradictory Propoſitions of the Lords: *I think my ſelf obliged, and I adviſe all my Friends, to Perſecute, and do what they can againſt* Popery, *and that Party:* and, *I abominate Perſecution at all times.*

Whig. *Nay, I can't reconcile your* contradictory Propoſitions, *as you call them: But methinks his Lordſhip may very well be believed, for he tells you,* He is not given to Lying.

Tory. He does ſo; And I proteſt, if I had not heard it from his own mouth, I ſhould have thought he had been bred up to it.

Whig. *Bred up to what?*

Tory. Why, to Lying, you Fool.

Whig. *Now, Lord, thou art e'en a ſtrange man,* Tory. *I warrant thou think'ſt he lies too when he declares,* What a value he hath for the preſent Government, the Kings Safety; and that he had rather undergo the greateſt Severities, than condeſcend to any thing that may endanger or prejudice his Life; and that no man had the impudence ſo much as to propoſe ſo barbarous a thing to him. *What can you ſay to this? Theſe are words we have from his own lips.*

Tory. Ha, ha, ha! By my troth thou mak'ſt me laugh. This makes me think of the Fable of the Aſs, that had for ſome time lived in a Pit, and comes forth very gravely, cloathed in a Phyloſophers Cloak: he tells the people he had for a long time ſeriouſly applied himſelf to ſtudy, and now at laſt he had arrived to be a very great Phyloſopher. There were ſome *Whigs* who were ſuch Fools as to believe him, but the more

wiſe

wiſe pull'd off his Cloak, and found he was an Aſs. Still nothing but an Aſs; for all his boaſting of his own Wiſdom, and Knowledge.

So this Lord comes ſmoaking out of *Cabals*, where there was no other buſineſs agitated than the *Killing the King*, and his *Royal Brother*; *The ſeizing the Guards*, &c. And yet he hath the confidence to tell the World *no one durſt have the impudence ſo much as to mention ſuch things to him.* As if he had been ſtudying Phyloſophy all the time. But pull off his Cloak, pull off his Cloak, *Whigg*; and you'l find it the ſame Lord *Ruſſel* who was hatching Treaſon among the reſt of the Conſpirators. Not that innocent good man he ſpeaks himſelf, but an unnatural bloody Traytor.

Whig. *Prethy* Tory *do not tread ſo hard upon the dead?*

Tory, I do it *Whig* to keep him down; here are ſo many Conjurers abroad I fear they will raiſe his *Ghoſt* to compleat the villanies he had deſign'd to act. 'Tis You who will not let him reſt in Peace; wou'd you but let his unhappy memory be forgotten, we wou'd not diſturb him: But what Loyal Subject can hear ſo great a Traytor proclaim'd an Innocent, and ſtand mute.

Whig. *I know not what you call* Traytors: *You hear he ſays*, He prays ſincerely for the King; and he wiſhes well to him, and the Nation.

Tory, We have only his own word for it *Whig*. I cou'd have wiſh'd he wou'd have let us have heard him pray for the King, as tell us he did pray for him. But good man he was in haſte, he cou'd not ſtay to ſay one little prayer for his injur'd Maſter.

Whig. *Well, but he ſays, he prays for him; and you won't believe him, becauſe you did not hear him.*

Tory, Well let it be ſo then, that he did pray for the King: But if we may judge his Words by his Actions; which is certainly the beſt way of judging. He pray'd for him as *Woodmen* for the Quary they are in ſearch of: He prays he may take him; that he were ſecur'd in his Enemies hands, that they might make him a Glorious King like his Father. And that then they might Modelize the Government into what form they pleas'd. This is a ſort of praying indeed, *Whig*. There are Padders upon the Road, their Prayer is that they may meet with a good rich Booty. Then there are *Prieſt-Catchers*, they pray for him, that is, to catch him at Maſs, and ſo. Then there are *King-Catchers*, and thoſe prey upon Him; and thus undobtedly Lord *Ruſſel*, and others prayed for him.

Whig. *But does not he Pray, that the King may be indeed the Defender of the Faith?*

Tor. Yes indeed does he, and that *Indeed* was very prettily put in. The *Engliſh* of it is this, He does not believe the King to be indeed the *Defender of the Faith*, but only a *Sham Defender*, a pretender to it, and nothing elſe. But to be *Defender of the Faith* indeed, is to Defend it as Lord *Ruſſel*, and the Blunderbuſſes wou'd have defended His moſt Sacred Majeſty, his Royal Highneſs, and all their Friends: That is, Deſtroy'd them, Torn them all in pieces.

Whig. *Nay, but how can this be? How can this be* Tory? *when you ſee that* he Prays that the Proteſtant Religion, the Peace and ſafety of the Kingdom may be preſerved, and flouriſh under his Government.

Tory. Why all this ſpecious out-ſide of a Prayer is nothing elſe than the Cant, and equivocating of his Ghoſtly Father Dr. *Bur--* for the true meaning of the Prayer is thir. He would have the Proteſtant Religion, the Peace and ſafety of the Kingdom preſerved, and flouriſh under his Government; That is, when they have the Governing, or Managing him: or (when they have deſtroyed him) under ſuch a *He* as they ſhall think fit to ſet up; He wiſhes he may be happy here, and hereafter. That is, he wiſhes he were happily in their hands, that they might quickly ſend him to a future Happineſs, as they did his Royal Father.

Whig. *Nay but this is malice, this is malice* Tory, *to interpret good mens Prayers at this rate.*

Tory. Not in the leaſt *Whig*, I will aſſure you; for if it had been the Prayer of a good man, then I ſhonld have believ'd it a good Prayer: But as it was the Prayer of the Lord *Ruſſel*, I cannot but Judge his words, to ſpeak, what he really deſign'd to act. And in that I think I do his Lordſhip Honour; 'cauſe he ſays he is not given to lying, therefore I would have his Words, and his Actions go together. I can never believe theſe men either love the King, or Government; (let them make never ſo many proteſtations) if I find they are ever acting to deſtroy both. Can I believe that man loves me, becauſe he tells me ſo; when I'm ſatisfied at the ſame time he is about to cut my Throat.

Whig. *Very good* Tory, *You are got uppermoſt now; you have got us down, and you are reſolv'd to keep us ſo. But I would fain know what greater demonſtrations could any man give of his being a* True Proteſtant, *than by being a Proſecutor of the* Popiſh Plot. *And this we all know, none was a greater than the Lord* Ruſſel; *And the only Motives which mov'd him to be ſo violent againſt it, were no other, than becauſe he was really convinc'd that there was a* Conſpiracy *againſt the* King, Government, *and the* Proteſtant Religion.

Tory.

Tory. Why 'faith *Whig* here is ſomething in this. I remember indeed a time when every man who was a proſecutor of the *Popiſh Plot* was cry'd up for a moſt exellent *Proteſtant*. This very thing ſhould wipe away a mans ſins, were he never ſo much ſtigmatiz'd with Infamous Villainies; and immediately Canonize him for a Saint. This very thing ſhould unlock the Priſon doors, and deliver Villains, and Rogues out of Dungens: This was it that rais'd ſuch to great preferments. Indeed this was the very thing on which Religion moved. I remember there was the *True Proteſtant Duke*, the *Proteſtant Earl*, the *Proteſtant Biſhop*, the *Proteſtant Knight*, the *Proteſtant Joyner*, and the woman with her *Proteſtant Socks*. All famous *Proteſtants* for proſecuting this thing call'd a *Popiſh-Plot*. And among theſe I grant you, Lord *Ruſſel* was very famous, ſo conſequently as good a *Proteſtant* as the beſt of them: And that there was a real Conſpiracy at that time carrying on againſt the King, Government, and *Proteſtant Religion*, is as certain, and all under the Umbrage of that formidable Beaſt which was Voted a *Horrid, Helliſh Popiſh-Plot*, upon the ſingle Teſtimony of a *Salamanca Doctor*: All this I do believe, and that his Lordſhip had very good reaſon to be convinc'd in his Judgment of the Truth of it, ſince he was daily in the Cabals, and one of the chief Mannagers, and promoters of this Helliſh Conſpiracy, which indeed was Chriſten'd by the Name of a *Popiſh-Plot*; But ſee at laſt to what a Monſter this young Cubb of a *Popiſh-Plot* is grown? to a damn'd *Phanatical Conſpiracy*, all the *Popiſh Plotters* are vaniſh'd, or Metamorphos'd into *Phanatical Presbyterian Conſpirators.*

Whig. *Ay, ay, ſo it is, Pox on't, and all for want of good Mannaging; But if they wou'd have been but advis'd by the* Loyal Stateſman, *the* Noble Peer, *it had never come to this; it had ſtill continu'd a* Popiſh-plot; *and the* Popiſh Lords *ſhou'd have dy'd for it too.*

To. Nay all That I believe *Whig*, but prethee tell me what is thy opinion of theſe words of his Lordſhips, which are towards the latter end of that wonderful Panegyrick he was pleas'd to make of himſelf. *That he had a Nature never the leaſt tainted with Falſhood, or Cruelty; that he knew nothing of the Tampering with the Witneſſes to Swear the* Popiſh-Lords, *and others out of their Lives.* I ask thee *Whig*, do'ſt thou believe that he knew nothing that there was a Fund made for them, and that he largely contributed to it? That he knew nothing that they were daily Catechis'd by the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and others, and taught to ſpeak as Birds are in the Night? That they all daunced after his whiſtle; and that he mov'd them, as the man doth the Pup-

pits in *Bartholomew-Fair* by inviſible Wyers: what do'ſt thou ſay to this?

Whig. *Why what ſhou'd I ſay? I'll ſay juſt nothing, has not he ſaid enough for himſelf? More I find than you are willing to believe, and yet you ſee the Gentleman declares he is not at all given to Lying. Methinks if you had any generoſity in you, you wou'd believe him. I have ſeen the time, when a Lords word was more valued than another mans Oath, or Bond.*

Tor. 'Tis very true *Whig*, but *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis*; We live in another Age. Lords words and Oaths, are no more valued now than other mens; nay to ſay the truth, not ſo much. There was another Lord what d'y call 'um, he wou'd not tell a Lye neither, for all the World; and at the ſame time he was Lying, and Swearing to't as faſt as he cou'd ſpeak: Lord what a Credible Innocent Age do we live in, and what Pretty Saints do we converſe with!

Whig. *Well* Tory, *you have heard this Worthy Lord ſpeak his own perfections in a large meaſure, and you believe him not; the word of an* Engliſh man, *a* True Proteſtant, *and Son of the Church of* England *are not believ'd: Nay the words of a dying man, a dying Nobleman, find no Credit with you; ill natur'd man as you are. But when he ſpeaks as a Prophet, I hope you will believe him.*

Tor. Hath he propheſied then? pre'thee let me hear it.

Whig. *He ſays, Popery* is breaking in upon us; and the *Proteſtants* will fall under very great Tryals, and very ſharp Perſecutions. Nay, *Proteſtants* ſhall Perſecute *Proteſtants*; *Therefore what can we expect but Wo, and Deſolation?*

Tor. I know not what his Lordſhip may have from Divine Revelation; but I think there is no great fear of it in all appearance. But ſuppoſing what his Lordſhip ſays were true, does it follow therefore to prevent it, that the *True-Blew-Proteſtants* muſt cry out, *Gentlemen ſtand to your Arms, for* Popery *is breaking in upon you, unite, and Arm your ſelves againſt it.* Nay, *Againſt the King, His Royal Brother, the Kings Guards, the Militia, and all things which have relation to Loyalty; for they are all* Papiſts, *and* Popiſhly *affected.* The *Proteſtants* (that is the *True-Blew-Proteſtants*, for the others joyn with the *Papiſts* to bring in *Popery*) *Will fall under very great Tryals, and very ſharp Sufferings*: Which we the Sanctify'd Brethren muſt prevent, by uniting our ſelves in *Treaſon* and *Rebellion*; by Charging our *Piſtols, Guns*, and *Blunderbuſſes* to Deſtroy *Black-Bird*, and *Gold-Finch*; that *Baſtards* and *Traytors* may uſurp the *Throne*: This in my Judgment wou'd be but an ugly kind of a Speech for a good man to make when he is going to the Gallo[illegible].

Whig.

Whig. *Lord bleſs us! Can any man in his right Wits believe Lord* Ruſſel *guilty of ſaying, or thinking ſuch things as theſe? Do but hear him good man (for I cannot chuſe but call him ſo, 'cauſe with his own Lips he hath ſo often Cannoniz'd himſelf) How he complains of the Impiety, and Prophaneneſs, which abounds, and appears ſo ſcandalouſly barefac'd every where; that he fears the worſt of things that can befall a Nation will happen to this Kingdom.*

Tor. Prethee *Whig* canſt thou tell me what his Lordſhip means by theſe Impieties, and Prophaneſſes?

Whig. *What he means! Why 'tis eaſily known what he means, your* Tory *Impieties he means, your Swearing, Damning, Blaſpheming, your Drunken Debaucheries, your Barefac'd Luxurious Impieties; your Fornications, your Adulteries, your Rapes, your Inceſts, your Sacrileges, your Beſtialites, and all that's ill, you impudently act at Noon-day in the face of the whole World; as if there were neither Laws Divine, or Humane: As if it were a God of Clouts you did offend; and not the Eternal God of Juſtice. What can we expect but a Divine Vengeance, where almoſt every man in the Nation ſhall oftner open their mouths to bid God damn them, than to implore his Mercy? This is your* Tory-Proteſtant-Religion; *is this your Reformed Church that appears ſo Monſtrouſly deform'd: For ſhame pretend not to it.*

Tor. Why thou art very zealous for the *Cauſe* I find. I muſt confeſs *Whig* I am ſorry my ſelf to ſee theſe Impieties, and Prophaneſſes, abound ſo much as they do: But I fear *Whig* in theſe you have your ſhare in a large meaſure, for all your crying out you are not like other men; 'tis believed you are as black as any. But now if you pleaſe *Whig*, we will caſt an Eye towards the Impiety, and Prophaneneſs, which only appertains to You, the Godly Saints of the *Thorow Reformation.* What think you of your barefac'd breaking the ſolemn *Oath of Allegiance* and *Supremacy*; and matter it no more than does a Squitil the cracking of a Nut: Then to Aſſociate, Convene, Cabal, and bind your ſelves by Helliſh damn'd Oaths of Secrecy; Seal'd and ratified with the taking the *Sacrament*, never to diſcover the black and bloody Deſigns you had in hand; that is, to overthrow all Obedience, to trample under foot, and murder Superiors, to pack *Ignoramus* Perjur'd Juries, to Subborn Witneſſes, to deſtroy the Innocent, to Rape, Pilladge, Raviſh, Murder, Maſſacra, pull down Churches, overthrow Altars, and then Sacrifice to the Devil; Burn the Saviours of the World, and his Holy Mother in Effigie, and this publickly in the Streets, with as great Acclamations of joy, as the

Jews

Jews made when they Crucify'd the Son of God. What think'ſt thou *Whig*, for theſe Impieties may we not juſtly expect a Judgment? And who are ſo notoriouſly guilty of theſe Horrid Crimes, as you (good men,) who with the *Phariſees* are perpetually crying out we are not like to other men, Adulterers, Drunkards Sabbath-breakers, *&c.* as are theſe *Tories?* And then you make a boaſting of your own Perfections; when Heaven knows you have no more Religion, or Conſcience, than is contain'd in the formality of your little Starch'd Bands, your Satten Caps, and the Turn-up of the white of the Eye.

Whig. *Hy, this is right* Popery *all over, to have Charity for none but your ſelves.*

Tor. Come, come *Whig*, we have had too too long an experience who are the Authors and Promoters of theſe Bloody Villanies; and we have all ſmarted for it ſeverely: Therefore if I might adviſe, I wou'd have all theſe ſanctified men (in their own Opinions) who have Lord, Lord, in their Mouths; and nothing but the Devil in their Hearts, who Smile and Fawn upon you, at the ſame time they Deſign to cut your Throats,) every man to reform one; not according to their own Enthuſiaſms, but according to the Law of God, and the Rules of the Church of Chriſt: And when they have this, the World will be a very good World; and we ſhall have no need of Gibbets, Halters, Scaffolds and Axes.

Whig: *Oh ſee with what Chriſtian Charity the good man dies! He forgives all the World; nor does he deſire his Friends ſhould think of any Revenge.*

Tor. Nay here is ſomething of Chriſtian in this I muſt confeſs; whether his heart thinks what his Tongue ſpeaks or no, he did well in ſaying it. But yet had he been that extraordinary good man he boaſts himſelf, methinks he ſhou'd have asked Pardon of thoſe he hath injured, as well as pardon his vainly ſuppos'd Injuries. But why at this hour of the day ſhou'd he mind his Friends of Revenge? why who hath injur'd him? or what is the Injury done? where's the Injuſtice? to ſatisfy the Law, is that it? No, no *Whig*, he hath had all the favour, nay more than in reaſon he cou'd expect from his Injur'd Prince, and Threatned Countrey; but of theſe he asks no Pardon, as if he had not offended them: Nor does he before he makes his *Exit* to appear before the great Tribunal, endeavour the leaſt to make a Reparation, and Attonement, for the ills he hath done. For certainly as his Crimes were notorious, ſcandalous, and publick; ſo undoubtedly ought his Repentance to have been, if ever he expected

pected mercy from the Hand of Heaven, and that he is too well satisfied of, long e're this.

Whig. *I fancy thou wouldſt make an excellent Confeſſarius* Tory.

Tory. Why to ſay the truth *Whig*, had I been either of theſe Learned Divines who had the Management, and care of his Soul; I would have been better ſatisfy'd of his more Chriſtian-like dying; or he ſhould have died by himſelf.

Whig. *Why what do you talk? he died exactly according to the Rules and Methods they gave him: he did nothing undoubtedly but what was by their Order; Nay I believe they made his laſt Will and Teſtament, I mean his laſt* Speech; *which hath made ſuch a noiſe in the Nation: and is the only cauſe of his being hart as'd after his Death. 'Tis true he Sign'd, Seal'd, and delivered it as the Act, and Deed of a dying man, which is the ſame as if he had writ it himſelf. And certainly that man who dies according to the Rules and Directions of the beſt, and Learned'ſt of the Church of* England, *cannot die amiſs.*

Tory. Prethee *Whig* what reaſon haſt thou to believe all this? for I cannot be perſwaded that any Divine of the Church of *England* can be guilty of ſo ill a thing.

Whig *Why I'll tell you, firſt every one believes that Dr.* Burnet *writ the Speech, and then Dr.* T. *was ſo well pleaſed at the Lord* Ruſſels *dying, that I am credibly informed, that in the hearing of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, he told the Lady* Ruſſel *that her Lord died ſo Chriſtian-like, that he deſired no greater happineſs, than to die as well, as did the Lord* Ruſſel.

Tory. There is ſomething in this indeed, and I am ſorry to hear it of any Miniſter of the Church of *England.* But what think'ſt thou of his Lordſhips being ſo earneſt to Exclude *His Royal Highneſs* from the *Crown.*

Whig. *What do I think of it? Why you ſee he owns it, and believes it well done; ſo ſurely did the Doctors, or elſe they would have adviſed him to have asked the Dukes Pardon for ſo publick a Crime, he gives you his reaſon why he did it; Becauſe* he thought the Nation was in great danger of *Popery*; and the expectation of a *Popiſh Succeſſor* (as he ſaid in Parliament) put the Kings Life in danger.

Tory. This is a moſt wonderful Reaſon indeed; theſe are but words, here's no reaſon in the caſe. How does he make it out? does it ſeem Lawful to him that when ever He, or any Commoner ſhall but ſo much as think the Nation in danger of *Popery*, that then it is Lawful to Depoſe, and Diſinherit their Lawful Prince? by my troth a very

every pety piece of buſineſs: Kings and Princes are in a very tottering Condition in the mean time. I believe the Earl of *B——d*, would think ſtrange, and Arbytrary in the King, ſhould His Majeſty come to him with this Argument; My Lord, *I think you are a Papiſt, thtrefore I'll Diſinherit you.* Now in my Judgment, the King's thoughts is as ſufficient a motive to Diſinherit the Earl of *B——d*, as the Lord *Ruſſels* thoughts is to Diſinherit His *Royal Highneſs.*

Do but obſerve this, he believ'd himſelf oblig'd (he ſays) to defend the King, when he did but think, nay, had but groundleſs, vain ſurmiſe the Kings Life was in danger, by the Dukes ſucceeding His Majeſty to the Crown. But when there is a *Presbyterian* Conſpiracy really on foot, and that almoſt every man of them have their Swords already drawn, and have unanimouſly Sworn to ſheath them in the Sacred Blood of Gods Anointed, and the beſt of his People: His Lordſhip is not the leaſt concern'd for his Life, as if You, and none but You, had Propriety to Kill him; and that you look'd upon it to be a great Injury done to You, that any one ſhou'd pretend to Kill him, but your ſelves. It ſeems you only ſtickled to deliver him from the hands of the *Papiſts*, that he might fall by yours. And theſe are the fruits of his Lordſhips Godly Education.

Whig. *Well, well, he hath done with this World now, and is already going to a Kingdom that cannot be moved.*

Tor. Prethee *Whig*, do'ſt thou think there are any of his Friends there; Upon my life if there be, 'tis a hundred to one but they have ſubverted the Government; and he will find it a place full of Horrour and Confuſion; and if there be any *Papiſts* there, they will never agree; they will be ſtill inventing new *Popiſh Plots* till the day of Judgement. Well, I ſay, Pray Heaven after all this his Confidence he miſs not his way, miſtake, and go to a wrong Gate when he comes to his Journeys end. But I wiſh with all my Soul he had had a better Guide, than the Doctor of the *Groaning-Board.*

Whig. *Well then, I find you do not think this good man ſo Innocent, as he wou'd have the World believe he was.*

Tor. Thou art in the right of it *Whig.* I cannot believe a Traytor Innocent for my Life. Let me ſee, 'The Lord *Ruſſel* was Arraigned 'of *High Treaſon*; for Conſpiring to Levy War, raiſe Rebellion in the 'Kingdom of *England*, Compaſs the death of his moſt Sacred Maje-'ſty, and make a miſerable ſlaughter among the Subjects of our So-'vereign Lord the King. Now if any man can be guilty of ſuch hainous crimes as theſe, and yet be that Innocent good Religious

Saint

Saint the *Whiggs* would make him: Why then there is no difference betwixt an Honeſt man and a Villain, betwixt a Saint and a Devil. What doſt thou think, we are Metamorphos'd into Baboons, and Monkeys, that we have loſt the rational part of man, and that we are meer Animals.

Whig. *Nay, nay, there's no body doubts, if Lord* Ruſſel *be* Guilty *of theſe things, but he was a very ill man: But I would fain know how theſe buſineſſes are prov'd againſt him, for 'tis not bare ſaying, and ſwearing, can make the Innocent* Guilty.

Tory. Thou art much in the right of that *Whig*; and I wiſh thou hadſt been ever of this Judgment, then I'm confident ſo much Innocent Blood had never been ſhed in this Nation: But that Lord *Ruſſel* may not be number'd among the Innocent, we will a little examine how his Guilt was proved upon him.

Whig. *Ay, ay, that's it I would glady hear.*

Tory. The proofs againſt him were undeniable, and the Witneſſes unqueſtionable: they are not the *Scum, and Filth* of the Nation: They are not men who were *Lying, Cheating, Perjur'd Villians*; fellows who had been fetch'd out of *Gaols*, and had long fed upon the *Baskets.* Theſe are not men who have been *whip'd at the Carts-tail, Pillyor'd, Burn'd in the hand*: *Raskals who have been Perjur'd upon Record*; Wretches of a *Loſt* and *Deſperate Fortune*; who *Swear for Bread.* No, nor do they capitulate with their King for *Pardons* before they will ſerve him; nor had they the promiſe of any, when they ſwore againſt his Lordſhip: nor did I ever hear there was a *Fund* made for them, or a *Weekly Salary* given them. Here are none of Lord *Ruſſel's Stewards*, or *Servants*, who have cheated their Lord, and deſpare of any other way to pay him, than by *Swearing* him into a *Damn'd Plot.* Here is no *Swearing* one thing by *Candle-light*, and another thing by *Day-light*; nor is there any Swearing point-bank *backwards and forwards* by the ſame *Evidence*, as it was in that thing the *Houſe of Commons Voted a Popiſh Plot*: and yet the Lord *Ruſſel*, and all the *Phanatical Crew* believ'd the *Papiſts* had the greateſt Juſtice imaginable done them: and upon the *Evidence* of theſe *Villains*, the Law had moſt juſtly condemn'd them; and that all who died in that *Plot*, were notorious *Traytors.*

And yet is it not Monſtrous ſtrange; the *Good*, and *Holy* Lord *Ruſſel* declares with his laſt Breath his own Innocency; notwithſtanding, he could not accept againſt one *Witneſs*; nor could he denie either at his *Tryal*, or in his laſt *Speech*, that he was frequently at

such *Cabals*; in which it was often *mention'd discours'd, and resolv'd the Seizing the Kings Guards; that there he heard horrid, detestable things spoken; which made him declaim against such Proceedings: things which were so like Bloody Popish Practices, that (as he says) he did abhor them: That the Duke of* Monmouth *told him when he came to Town, that the Lord* Shaftsbury, *and some hot men would undo them all; by doing some disorderly thing or other, if great care was not taken to prevent it; and his Lordship was desired to use his endeavours with his Friends, to prevent it.*

Here his Lordship declares there was some horrid, strange, desperate thing to be done, which would endanger the ruining them all; (that is, if it succeeded not; if they mist their blow.) But what this was, this Innocent Lord would not tell us, either then, or now; least His most Sacred Majesty should prevent it. It seems he had Friends in store too, who knew of this desperate black Design: and His Majesty knows nothing of it, either from him, or them. O Monstrous *Innocence* and *Loyalty*!

After this, he says, *he went with* Monmouth *in the Evening to the Cabal at Mr.* Shepheards, *where he heard things said with much more Heat than Judgment, Things said,* But still what these things were, like a false Traytor he tells us not. *And for these things, said he, I stand Condemned.* Alas poor *Gentleman!* A very sad case; yea verily, a very sad case, to have a *Gentleman* of his *Quality Condemn'd* to *Death* for the *attempting* to *Murder his Prince.* What pity it is this *Title*, or *Name* of *Honour* does not exempt all those who bear it, from the *Penalties*, and *Justice* of the *Law*: that it is not permitted *Noble Men* to be *Disloyal*, to *act Villanies* and *Treasons*, and they shall pass for *Virtues.*

Whig *Nay, but for all that, you see at his Tryal there were several Persons of Quality who spoke much in his behalf; how Virtuous his Life, and Conversation had ever been: And surely such a man could never be Guilty of such horrid Crimes as these.*

Tory. It may very well be, he might have strange *Extasies*, when he hath been for the *Reforming* Church, and State, and Modelizing the Government after his own way: or perhaps some of the *Tribe* might have seen him devoutly casting up the white of his eyes, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, at the same time that a Gifted Brother hath been Holding Forth, and Preaching to them *Sedition*, and *Rebellion*; Blood, and Massacrees: And this hath passed for Virtue among the Godly: So 'tis no wonder *Whig*, Mens actions are conformable

formable to their Doctrines: But certainly, had these Persons of Quality been with him at these Treasons, Cabals, and had heard what had been said, and acted there; they would have spoke the man something else than they did. But however *Whig*, take this from me, no man can be a good Christian who does not love his King, and is not Obedient to his Superiours: and be assured, there is no Traytor, or *Russel* so dangerous, and execrable, as that Villain who shall cover his Treason under the Cloak of Godliness, and Religion. And there are such things as *Ravenous Wolves in Sheeps cloathing, which we are bid to beware of*. Now had his Lordship brought in several *Persons of Quality*, and those such, who were of an *untainted Reputation*, to have sworn he had been in *Staffordshire, Flintshire, Holy-Well*, &c. *at the same time he was sworn to be at these Cabals*, or had he produced *sixteen or twenty Innocent young Gentlemen to have sworn that all the Witnesses who swore against him, were at the same time they pretended they saw him at these Cabals, at St.* Omers, *that there they have eat with them, drank with them, talk'd with them, play'd with them, and fought with them; and that all this time they were never one night out of the* Colledge. This would I must confess have startled the World, and given them just cause to say, *My Lord died Innocent*: But hearing none of this, we have much more reason to believe the *Witnesses, Juries, and Judges*, than his Lordships *ipse dixit, I die Innocent*.

Whig. *Why all this was done you know by most of those who were accused in the* Popish Plot; *and yet it would not do their business, they were trust dup for all that: Therefore why should the Lord* Russel *give himself the trouble of bringing in Witnesses to prove his Innocency, when it was a thing impossible to defend his Innocency. I ask thee* Tory, *had his Lordship manifestly proved the Witnesses against him to have been a pack of Perjur'd Villains, and the worst of men; that they had sworn to impossibilities, that they had sworn* backward *and* forward, *one thing by* Candle-light, *and another thing by* Day-light: *that they were Fellows who* Swore *for* Bread, *and had a* Sallary *for* Swearing; *would this have satisfied the World, he had been* Innocent?

Tor. Yes undoubtedly it would, or else we must Arraign the Justice of the Nation; for certainly no wise man, could ever credit the Words, or Oaths, of such profligated wretches as these; if they should, every honest mans life is in the power of every Villain, to murder at his pleasure.

Whig. *Why but all this you know would do the* Popish Plotters *no good, why then should Lord* Russel *expect it?*

Tor.

Tor. Ha *Whig*! Then, was then, and Now, is now; Then we had a Parliament, the Devil, and Lord *Shaftsbury* among us; who frightned us all out of our wits: we knew not what we did, and every man was in danger of being Hang'd, who would not do as they would have him: Besides, they were *Papists* and that was crime enough in those days to hang any man, and Disinherit him into the bargain; the Kings Brother not excepted. Dost thou think if Lord *Russels* Case, had been Lord *Staffords*, he had had so many Guilty Lords against him?

Whig. *No, how shou'd he? why there is almost half of them dead since. But the case is different between Lord* Russel *and Lord* Stafford; *for all that could be prov'd against* Russel *cou'd amount to no more than Misprision of Treason; the other you see was guilty of high Treason.*

Tor. Prethee *Whig* how doest thou prove this? for the Judges of the Law declar'd to him, and all the World, that to Associate, and Convene with such people where he heard nothing but Treason, and Rebellion daily contriving; and not discovering the same; was not only Misprision of Treason, but really Treason it self, in the highest nature.

Whig. *Ay, ay, so they did. But what then? You see my Lord says no, and sure he understood his own business as well as another man. I am sure his Lordship thought himself the best Judge in his own case of any man; and so did all the* True-blew-Protestants. *I know no reason, if it be permitted his Lordship to be a Judge of the Law of God, why he may not be a Judge of the Law of Nations?*

Tor. Indeed *Whig* here is some Argument against those who believe every man to be a competent Judge of the Law of God. But I am clearly against it; so consequently against every man being his own Judge in Civil Affairs; let any rational man but think, were this permitted, what a fine Government we shou'd have, what Honest men Traytors, Rogues, Villains wou'd be, might they be Judges. Is not this a very pretty piece of Logick of *Russel's*? Let the Witnesses Swear what they please against me, let Jury believe them, let Judges Condemn me; and notwithstanding I cannot Except against Witnesses, Judge and Jury, yet I say I am not guilty, *Ergo, I dye Innocent*; is not this a pretty piece of Impudence *Whig*? Now wou'd I have had him ratified his Innocency; and like the *Papists* with his last Breath renounc'd Heaven, God and his Angels, if he were not as Innocent as the Sucking Child, after all what ever is laid to his Charge.

Whig,

Whig. *Why truly* Tory *he hath ventur'd his Soul as far in the Cauſe as any man, and no doubt wou'd have ventur'd farther to have done his Brethren Service: See with what zeal the good man dies.* I deſire (*ſays he*) what is done to me, may put a ſtop, and ſatiate ſome peoples Revenge, and that no more Innocent blood may be ſhed; for I muſt, and do ſtill look upon mine as ſuch, ſince I know I was guilty of no Treaſon. *Oh Charitable, Innocent, good man!*

Tor. Moſt monſtruous Innocent indeed! after ſo many execrable Villanies, to dye at laſt Impenitent, and without the leaſt remorſe of Conſcience: For notwithſtanding that he knows the Villanies, who have Sworn the Ruin of his King, Prince, and Country; he declares with his dying Lips, he eſteems it a piece of baſeneſs, ſo much as to have a thought of diſcovering theſe Regicides and Traytors: Nay, he proteſts, he wou'd rather Sacrifice his own life, than by Diſcovering the Villanies, the Bloody and Inhumane buſineſs ſhou'd not be effected; and he thinks it a baſe Un-gentle-man like Act in thoſe that have done it: He(good man) wou'd have had them all(as they were) blackned, and plung'd deep in ſin with him, ſo wou'd he have had them not confeſs'd their faults, or ask'd Pardon for them, but barely like Lord *Ruſſel* dy'd without Repentance: Judge now ye Saints of the Sanctifi'd Tribe, whether theſe are not the marks of a Godly Education, and a man fill'd till he run o'r with the Spirit of the Holy Ghoſt. And was it not ſaid like a Learn'd Divine of the Church of *England?* When Doctor *T.* ſaid, *He deſired no greater Happineſs, than to dye as well as the Lord* Ruſſel. O Tempora! O Mores!

Whig. *Nay, but prethee be Ingenious, ſpeak the Truth, as if it were your caſe: Wou'd not you think it very hard were you a man of ſo much Breeding, and godly Education, and the Poſſeſſor of ſuch a goodly Eſtate as was Lord* Ruſſel, *to be condemn'd to ſo Ignoble a Death, only for ſome Diſcourſes, and making ſome ſtirs?*

Tor. Not at all *Whig*, when thoſe Diſcourſes were Treaſonable, and thoſe Stirs tended to nothing but Rebellion; and I hope his Fate will be a warning to all thoſe of his Tribe, how they Diſcourſe Treaſon, or making ſuch filthy ſtirrs, as *Seizing the Guards, and Killing Kings.* I am clearly of Opinion that ſuch Stirs as theſe were enough to have hang'd the beſt Subject in Chriſtendom.

Whig. *There's no doubt of it, if the Law muſt ſpeak what you wou'd have it: But you ſee his Lordſhip is ſatisfied there was not Law enough to Condemn him.* But he was undone by ſtrange fetches, he was ruin'd Innocent man, by a willing eaſie Jury, that was impos'd up-

on by the cunning Fetches, and Strains, of those unconscionable Gentlemen of the Law; who kills by Forms, and Subtilties of the Law, *and thus his Innocent Blood was spilt.*

Tor. Why you Fool, he hath confessed more than enough in this his last *Speech*, to Hang five hundred better men than himself: and yet he confidently Arraigns the Justice of the Nation, for unjustly shedding his Innocent Blood, this I well remember not long since was a Crime unpardonable; but here's the Kings Councel, the Judges, Sheriffs, Jury, Witnesses, are all charged through, and through, of ruining an Innocent man; and all for no other reason, than because his Lordship was not permitted to be the sole Judge of the Law. 'Faith *Whig*, 'tis great pity this Innocent Lord was not his own Councel, Judge, and Jury; if he had, I am confident he had made himself much more Innocent than the Child unborn. But I ask of all those who believe his Lordships Innocency, whether they believe at the same time the Lord *Stafford*, and others, who died in the Popish Plot, were Guilty, or Innocent, of what they were condemn'd for. If they were Guilty, let them a little consider the Crimes of the one, and the Crimes of the others. The Witnesses, who swore in the Popish Plot; and Witnesses, who swore in this Conspiracy; the Circumstances which accompanied the one, and the Circumstances, which accompanied the other. The Non-confessions of the Plotters, and the Confessions of the Conspirators; The flying of the Conspirators, and the not flying of the Plotters. This rightly considered, let any rational man tell me how he can imagine the Plotters Guilty, and the Conspirators Innocent: Lord *Stafford* a Traytor, and Lord *Russel* a Loyal Subject. I would fain see any *Whig* of you all, (*Burn*-- not excepted) untie me this knot.

Whig. *Why you see* Lord *Russel* would not betray his Innocence by Flight.

Tor. The reason is plain, he was taken before he could well think on't; at least before he could resolve on't.

Whig. *Nay you see he was perswaded to it, so that he had time to think on't.*

Tor. Perswaded to it was he, by whom? by those who lov'd him sure; by some who knew him guilty undoubtedly, else it had been but evil Councel.

Whig. *He good man you see when he came to Plead for his Life,* Said but little, and surely (*as his Lordship said*) that pleaded rather Innocency than Guilt.

Tor.

Tor. He ſaid but little 'tis true; becauſe poor man, he had but little to ſay, or elſe certainly his Lordſhip cou'd not but think a brace of Tongues had been too little to have pleaded in the Defence of his Honour, Loyalty, Innocency and Life. But alas! Unhappy Gentleman, not being given to Lying, unleſs he ſpoke the Truth, he had nothing to ſay: And he was adviſ'd by no means to do that, for if he confeſs'd matters of Fact, it wou'd undoubtedly bring him in Guilty of *Miſpriſion of Treaſon*, and ruin himſelf and his Complices. So that here is a palpable owning by himſelf and his Friends the guilt of *Miſpriſion of Treaſon*: And what he and his Friends call *Miſpriſion of Treaſon*, the Law calls *High Treaſon*: So that he confeſſes the Guilt for which he dies, only he wou'd have it call'd by another Name: And yet, *In the words of a dying man, I profeſs I know of no* Plot, *either againſt the Kings Life, or the Government.* O monſtrous! after the unanſwerable proofs againſt him and his Friends, and his own Confeſſion, that at leaſt he knew of a Treaſonous Conſpiracy dayly carrying on againſt the King and Government: And yet at laſt he cryes, I dye Innocent, and I know of no Plot: I know of a Plot, and I know of no Plot: I know the Guards were to be ſeiz'd, and I know nothing of it: I have heard terrible words, bloody words, words full of horrour, but I know nothing of it: I have heard hot men, who were about to do ſome deſperate thing, but in the words of a dying man I know nothing of it: Are not theſe moſt monſtruous proofs of a Godly Life and Education, and of a Nobleman, whoſe Nature was ever averſe from Lying.

Whig. *Well after all this, I will prove the Lord* Ruſſel's *Innocency in ſpite of all the malice of his Enemies: He whoſe Life and Actions are regulated according to Law and Conſcience, lives well; but thus liv'd Lord* Ruſſel, Ergo, *he liv'd well. He was to receive the Law and Goſpel from the Prieſts, and by theſe to guide his Conſcience: But his Prieſts told him that to Murder* Princes *(in caſe the People thought they were in danger of being over-run with* Popery*) was no ſin; but on the contrary, a moſt Heroick vertue; therefore Lord* Ruſſel *by his Prieſts being perſwaded into this belief, cannot accuſe himſelf Conſcious of any guilt, ſince his Crimes were no other than the attempting to deſtroy his Lawful Sovereign, and Subvert the Government, which he undoubtedly believ'd the beſt of Actions, and what in Conſcience he was oblig'd to perform. This Dr.* T——— *Letter to my Lord ſeems to prove; ſo does my Lords owning what he was accus'd of, and yet till the laſt declaring his Innocency:* And that it was very hard an *Engliſh* Nobleman ſhou'd die ſo Ignoble

noble a Death, only for ſome Diſcourſes, and making ſome Stirs, *Which he ever eſteem'd to be the moſt Religious Actions of his Life: Actions Generous and brave, which in the leaſt he does not repent him of, or ask pardon for, either of God or man; which undoubtedly he wou'd have done, had he believ'd ſuch Actions had had the leaſt of ill in them: nay you ſee he was not the leaſt prompted to it by thoſe who were his Spiritual Guides; ſo that good man, as they had taught him, he believ'd, and as he believ'd, ſo he liv'd, and as he liv'd, ſo he died. Innocent to the laſt.*

Tor. Lord bleſs us *Whig*! See what a godly Education can do. Well, I'll ſay no more of him, I pity his misfortune, and pray he may have met with that place of Glory and Happineſs, he hath ſo confidently aſſur'd himſelf of: And withall, I heartily pray that all ſuch Falſe Traytors may fall by the ſtroak of Juſtice, that Kings may ſit more ſecurely in their Thrones, which they can never do ſo long as they are environ'd by ſuch Monſters as theſe. And may this mans unhappy *exit* be no preſident for thoſe who are like to follow him, may they give greater demonſtrations to the World of their Noble Birth and Godly Education: and may they Confeſs, Repent, and ask Pardon for the Ills they have done, and die more like Chriſtians, than Enrag'd Mad Dogs.

FINIS.